Or voluntary dotage of some mistris,
Coniured, or supplied them, cannot chuse,
But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iag. He hath my Lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more then hee'l vnsweare.

Oth. What hath he sayd?

Iag. Why that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? *Iag.* Lye.

Oth. With her?

Iag. With her, on her, what you will.

Oth. Lie with her, lie on her? We say lie on her, when they bely her; lye with her, that's fulsome, handkerchiefs, confession, handkerchiefs: to confesse, and be hang'd for his labour, first to be hang'd, and then to confesse; I tremble at it: Nature would not inuest herselfe in such shadowing passion, without some instruction: It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish) noses, eares, and lippes: Is't possible? confesse? handkerchiefe? O deuill. *Falles in a trance.*

Iag. Worke on my medicine, worke: thus credulous fooles are caught, and many worthy and chast Dames, euen thus (all guiltlesse.) meet reproach: What ho my Lord, my Lord I say, *Othello*,—how now *Cassio?* *Enter* Cassio.

Cas. What's the matter?

Iag. My Lord is falne into an Epilepsy,
This is his second fit, he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iag. No, forbeare,
The Lethargie must haue his quiet course,
If not, he foames at mouth, and by and by
Breakes out to sauage madnesse: looke, he stirres:
Doe you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recouer straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speake with you.
How is it Generall, haue you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mocke me? *Exit* Cas.

Iag. I mocke you? no by heauen,
Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iag.